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SOME TRANSLATIONS OF HEBREW  
POEMS.

## THE ROYAL CROWN.

(SOLOMON IBN GEBIROL.)

## I.

Wondrous are thy works, O Lord of hosts,  
And their greatness holds my soul in thrall.  
Thine the glory is, the power divine,  
Thine the majesty, the kingdom thine,  
Thou supreme, exalted over all.

Thine is the throne in heavenly heights sublime,  
The hidden dwelling-place all worlds above,  
Th' existence from the shadow of whose light  
Springs every living thing, of which aright  
We say, that in its shade we live and move.

Thine the two worlds, that thou dost hold apart,  
The first for work, the next for heavenly rest;  
Thine the reward, which thou hast treasured there  
Wrought for the righteous ones, with loving care,  
Because thou hast beheld and known it blest.

## II.

Thou art One, the first great cause of all,  
Thou art One and none can penetrate,  
Not even the wise in heart, the mystery  
Of thy unfathomable Unity;  
Thou art One, the infinitely great.

## III.

Thou dost exist, but not the hearing ear,  
Or seeing eye can reach thee; what thou art  
And how and wherefore is to us unknown.  
Thou dost exist, but through thyself alone,  
King, in whose power no other has a part.

Thou dost exist; thou wast ere time began,  
Pervading all, when there was yet no space.  
Thou dost exist: thy mystery, concealed  
Far from men's sight lies ever unrevealed,  
Deep, deep, where none can find its dwelling-place.

## IV.

Thou livest, but not with the twofold life  
Of soul and mind: soul of the soul art thou.  
Thou livest, and eternal joy shall bless,  
At th' end of days, those whom thy graciousness  
To penetrate thy mystery will allow.

## V.

Thou art mighty, and of all thy works  
There is none whose power to thine comes nigh.  
Thou art mighty, and thy boundless power  
Makes thee pardon, even in the hour  
Of thy wrath, man's sore iniquity.

## VI.

Thou art light: pure souls shall thee behold,  
Save when mists of evil intervene.  
Thou art light, that, in this world concealed,  
In the world to come shall be revealed;  
In the mount of God it shall be seen.

## VII.

Thou art God, and all whom thou hast formed  
Serve and worship thee in love and fear;  
Nor aught lessens it thy majesty  
That they worship others besides thee,  
For they all would fain to thee draw near.

Yet like blind men from the path they stray,  
While they seek the great King's road to gain.  
In destructive pits and snares they lie,  
Ever deeming their desire is nigh,  
Though they toil and labour all in vain.

But thy servants move with open eyes,  
On the straight path ever travelling,  
Nor to right or left on either hand  
Turn they till within the court they stand  
Leading to the palace of the King.

Thou art God, and thy Divinity  
And thy Unity the world uphold.  
Thou art God, eternal, one, divine:  
Thus in thee thy attributes combine,  
Indivisible, yet manifold.

## VIII.

Thou art wise, and at thy side hast reared  
Wisdom, fount of life, thy first-born son.  
Thou art wise: this universal frame  
At thy mighty word to being came,  
When to aid or counsel thee was none.

Thou didst span the heaven's vast canopy  
And the planets' shining tent uprear,  
In thy hand dost thou, O Lord of might,  
All creation's utmost ends unite,  
Gathered as one whole from sphere to sphere.

ALICE LUCAS.